

## CANZ 0 N 22.



T WAS not long ago, since, like  
a wanton, Froward, displeased  
with that it loves, I wis,  
Improved, I did write to thee, a  
Canton, Wherein I seemed to turn  
LOVE out of service.

Well said I herein, that I did but "  
seem " it! Loath to depart, he still  
retained to me ; Although displeased,  
yet each one well might deem, He was  
my servant, while he wore my livery!

Pensively grieved with that, that I had  
done, I wrote a Sonnet, which, by  
syllable, Eat up the former, and withal  
craved pardon; Vowing a large amends,  
as time should able.

" But who beyond his power vows,  
offends !  
Presumptuous as thou art! to name  
Amends/"

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HY coral-coloured lips, how should I  
portray Unto the unmatchable pattern  
of their sweet' A draught of  
blessedness I stole away From them,  
when last I kissed. I taste it yet i  
So did that sug'ry touch my lips  
ensucket. On them, MINERVA'S honey  
birds do hive  
Mellifluous words; when so thou please to  
frame  
Thy speech to entertainment! Thence I  
derive  
My heart's sole paradise, and my lips sweet  
game. Ye are the coral gates of Temple's  
clarion,  
Whereout the PYTHIUS preached divinity !  
Unto thy voice bequeathed the good ARION,  
His silvery lyre ! Such Poean melody Thy  
voice, the organ pipe of angels quire Trebles <sup>f</sup>  
Yet, one kiss; and I'll raise them higher |